335 cont.

better, forehead bands (tendemas), with neck and arm bands made of the teeth of monkeys and wild animals. The women wear richly decorated bindings around their hips, on the fringes of which are fastened rattles and clappers so that a loud noise is produced during the stamping dances. A weapons dance is performed, during which all the available zanzas, this is the name of the trophy heads, are paraded in triumph. The enthusiasm aroused by dancing, music, and drink is said to reach such a pitch that the weapons dance frequently ends in bloody seriousness.

When the supplies are gone and the intoxication slept off, the house built for the festival is deserted and left to decay -- unless after some time another family moves in and undertakes the repairs.

336 A house must be deserted after a death, just as after such a festival. In order to be relieved of the inconvenience of moving and probably also out of superstitious fear of the dying hopelessly ill people are ruthlessly exposed in the forest. A small hut of branches is built for them, some food is put nearby, and they are left to their fate.

If a war expedition is to be undertaken or if an important decision is to be made, the higher powers are called upon, and their suggestions are decisive. The Jivaro retires to the solitude of the forest, intoxicates himself on an infusion of poisonous lianas, and then considers the outcome of his deep dreams as a command of the gods. For this ceremony a prominent point is chosen, from which one looks down on the Sangay, which seems to play an important role in the religious beliefs of these Indians. And how could this surprise anyone, given the terribly beautiful spectacle presented by the black, barren, and open cone set upon the highest ridges. The volcano, 5,323 meters high, is continuously active, like Stromboli. Thick black clouds of ashes are spewed out with a thunder-like noise, accompanied at night by the most magnificent sheets of fire. From the highest peak to the forest region a brilliantly glowing strip of fire moves down the slope, rolling along like a stream of molten metal. Masses